

VOLUME OLIVIII---NO. 40

the annual session of the Rhode Island, Newport was chosen and a Manville on Thursday. The next to hold the next annual meeting in Newport next June.

Music Committee—A. Livingston
Mason, chairman; Lieut. Col. Robert
C. Soba, James H. Barney, Charles S.
Mummer, Archie McDonald.
Reading Committee—Hon. John P.
Sellers, chairman; Howard G. Ward,
Seymour Ward, John Gladding, Jr.
Joseph S. Moore.
Publicity Committee—W. Douglas

Mr. William H. Arnold is able to be out of doors after an illness of many months.

from her husband, Arthur L. Wease, by the New York court. Mrs. Wease is a daughter of the late Chief of Police Benjamin H. Richards.

for admission to the United States Naval Academy, and will be admitted to the Academy after passing a physical

The commencement exercises of Rhode Island State College will take place at 11 o'clock on Thursday, June 15, at Lippitt Hall. Tuesday, June 1

THE GUN HE USED IN '61



One Village And the Flag

Down in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, in Cheshire county, there is a village called Nelson. It has 231 inhabitants. When the war of secession was going on, however, it sent 124 men to the front. There is a lawyer here in New York named Henry Melville, says the New York Times, and awhile ago it seemed to him—he was a Nelson man—that it might be just as well to present to the village a tablet commemorating its rather unusual record in the time of war. So he did, and it was unveiled not long ago near a little old Yankee church. Not many folks there, most likely. Melville could not have got from it the satisfaction of having a big crowd and a hurrah. Any pleasure he got from it must have been internal.

But he or somebody else in Nelson was not content with this celebration, and a pamphlet was published showing the record of these New Hampshire soldiers. Easy enough to do, for there were only 124 of them. Nelson, though, had given its best, its young men and its old ones, and there were husbands, fathers and maybe grandfathers in that list. "Born in Nelson" is the brief sentence appended to almost all of these biographies. There was one man not with a Yankee name. He came from Patagonia, of all places in the world, and his name was Castano. Nelson is rather proud of him. He was its foreigner. "He was not very strong, but he could knock men down as fast as they came to him till he had them in a pile," says Olin N. Wardwell, his camp "buddy," who writes a few regrettably brief lines about him for the record.

Even Castano "enlisted from Nelson." There was a boy from Harrisville, but he ran away from home so that he could enlist, being under the legal age and picked Nelson out as a place where nobody would know him. Andrew Jackson Beal his name was. The Confederates added him to their list when they took Harpers Ferry in 1862, but the boy was exchanged or escaped, for he stayed in the army, was promoted, and was not mustered out until two months after the war was over.

"Born in Nelson" is true, too, of Thaddeus Angus Barker, not a warrior, but a musician. Still, guns go off just the same when musicians are advancing at the head of their companies, and there was a day in the Wilderness when they ordered Thaddeus Angus Barker to the operating table. He would not go. He lay there in the scrub oak all day long with his broken band in a hook and after all did not see it. "But it was never of much use"—a right hand, much needed by a musician. There was Granville S. Derby, "born in Nelson," who was one of the men who ran down Cemetery ridge after Pickett's lines collapsed and chased the Confederates across the stricken valley. Something a little apologetic has to be said about Joseph N. Day. He was not "born in Nelson." He was an alien from Massachusetts, but he had taken the blame off by living in Nelson "for many years." He was shot and severely wounded the day that Sheridan made that celebrated ride to Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Partridge was shot one day in September, 1864, and Private J. F. Foster, "enlisted from Nelson," happened to be "near by." So he "took hold of him to give him a lift," he says. Giving the sergeant a lift was dangerous, and the Confederates came across the field and took Foster prisoner. Foster tells of it without any emotion or any apparent comprehension that there was anything out of the ordinary about this lift giving.

Grave, serious minded men they were. When the summer news came to Nelson George G. Hardy turned to Edwin P. Hunt and said, "One of us will have to go." There was nothing light minded about the way Nelson went into the war with its 124 men. Hunt was the first man to enlist from Nelson. He was young, not Hardy was middle aged and married. Hardy went just the same, and died in the field.

Not Lasting. "What an impression the amateur actress made on the hero when she hid her golden head upon his shoulder, with her face hidden in his embrace." "Yes, but it's the kind of powder which will easily brush off."—Baltimore American.

Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has, for its first duty, to forgive.—Bulwer-Lytton.

MEMORIAL DAY

So still they sleep,
Beneath the verdure deep,
On hill, on vale, by brook and lonely farm.

A scattered army they
Unfold the day
The bugles of the angels sound alarm
And they awake for the last reveille.

By ford and sea,
On grassy mounds, abounds
A host of fluttering flags that mark
The soldier's grave.
How brave their colors bright!
But who can tell
How each stern hero fell?
On sea, on land,
We understand they died,
But of their dying agony
We may not know or see
In what heroic way they breathed their last.

How sped their choking breath
When Death
Folded his arms about.

Their dying eyes gazed on the foe,
And, lo,
They slept,
Unknowing that the day was won or lost.
Amid the fray they fell,
And Israel
Wept at the sight
And gave them night and rest.

They dwell in silent camps.
The camps
And dew weep o'er their mound.

With us they live
And give
Joy at their victory.
We grieve, but honor
Weep, but praise,
And raise

A shaft in memory eternal
For a nation's sons
Who by their guns
Fought and in fighting died.

They died to save,
And but their grave
Is left to us, the living,
We who bow
And place a chaplet on each brow.

—Kent Packard in Philadelphia Ledger.

CIVIL WAR FIGURES.

In the course of the civil war, in round numbers, 2,000,000 men enlisted on the Union side and about 1,000,000 on the Confederate. The total number of deaths in the northern armies was 890,282; 110,000 men were killed outright or mortally wounded in battle. Of those killed outright on the field of strife the total was 57,008. It is not known how many Confederates gave up their lives, but it is believed to range between 250,000 and 300,000 from all causes, of whom 95,000 lost their lives as a direct result of battle. The cost of the war to the United States government, not including pensions, was \$3,250,000,000. The Confederate government spending perhaps \$1,500,000,000—less than half. The total number of soldiers surrendered by the different Confederate commanders in the closing campaign was 175,000. In addition, the north had taken 80,000 other prisoners in the course of the previous year, of whom one-third were exchanged and two-thirds released.

The Reward of Devotion.
The nation that holds in honored and affectionate remembrance the soldiers who braved even death for her will never lack for loyal devotion in the day of her peril.—Judge C. S. Bentley.

Attention, Comrades! Memorial Day!



Find the Grouch.
"Say, dad, what's bonds of matrimony?"
"They ought to be bonds to keep the peace, but they're not."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

THE G.A.R. BUTTON

THE WEALTH OF THE
WORLD CANNOT
PURCHASE THIS
EMBLEM.
IT SHOWS THAT THE
BEARER ONCE WORE
THE BRAVE BLUE—
AND IT SHOWS TO
MANKIND THE FULL
MARKS OF A HERO
A MAN WHO TO HONOR
AND COUNTRY WAS
TRUE.

A Yankee Hero

McPherson Was Beloved by His Men
and Idolized by His Officers.

AMONG the men whose names are cherished by Union veterans and who are recalled to mind in loving remembrance every Memorial day few stand higher than General James B. McPherson, who was killed near Atlanta in 1864.

Some years ago the late General Andrew Hickenlooper of Cincinnati gave some interesting reminiscences of General McPherson. He said:

"I was chief engineer of McPherson's corps at Vicksburg and saw much of both McPherson and Grant during the siege. I have seen many army officers, but never one like McPherson. There never was anybody like him. Young, handsome and full of enthusiasm, he was the idol of his soldiers."

"You never saw anything like it at his headquarters. He seemed a brother or a simple, good comrade to his officers. He was one of ourselves."

"I cannot describe to you the feeling we had for him. It was something more than the strongest friendship between man and man."

The general paused a moment and dropped his head. Memory was busy



"GENERAL McPHERSON CALLED ME."

weaving in his brain the images of many years ago. Looking up presently, he spoke again:

"One thing happened that I shall always be sorry for. It is the only thing in the years I knew General McPherson that I have to regret. I had been out all day hard at work in the line of my duties. I came in late to headquarters and felt as though I was too tired to move."

"I thought I would go to bed early. I did so, drawing my blankets up around me. But I had no more than touched the ground and got quiet when General McPherson called me:

"Now, I heard him, and I'm ashamed to remember it, but for the only time in my life I didn't answer. I lay quite still. There were others about the quarters who had been doing nothing that day. 'Let the general call one of them,' I thought to myself."

"Perceiving I did not answer, General Strong spoke up for me and said: 'Hick has been out all day and is just in. I suppose he's asleep.'"

"Oh, yes," said General McPherson. "I suppose he is. He must be tired, poor fellow! I didn't think of that!"

"Then the general called some other officer and sent him on the errand. And I lay still, and McPherson never knew but I was asleep. But I was ashamed of it next day, and I have been so ever since. I might have answered him, might have gone out into the night again, tired as I was."

"McPherson was killed not long after that, and I shall always carry with me the regretful recollection that once he called me and I did not answer."

Signs of the Times.
"Novels aren't proper reading matter for you, Ella. At your age I read children's books."
"But those were very different times, mamma. Why, you even told me that papa was your first love."—Munch Fliegende Blätter.

Content can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart.

TELLING OF HIS COMRADES' GLORY



The Union Soldier And His Deeds

When the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenious and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder!

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby and grew gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line, and, with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught and took him back to his captivity. He was exchanged at last. And you remember when he came home on furlough how manly and war worn he had grown.

But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now, alike with tears and pride. In the rifle pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who foretold the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag.

Home they brought him, father than Adams over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, never then comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every Massachusetts village. He sleeps in every Massachusetts burying ground. Recall romance, recall the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.—John D. Long.

THE OLD VET'S SPIRIT.

He Marched in the Parade
In Washington Fifty Years
After the Grand Review.

Hena, and some tired, I'll allow—
Sort of a buzz in my head!
I've got the old army get,
Neighbor, or else I'd be dead!

March! With the best of them, yes!
Just as I did at Seven Oaks.
Say, when I think of that line
Somethin' right here kind o' choked!

Mel' keepin' step through them
streets.
After 'th' years that's gone by,
Me! Once in army blue brave,
Broad shouldered, quick, keen
of eye.

Seem'd like the ghost of my self
Marchin' with more shadows
there!
Just sort o' contradin' on—
Not mindin' how long o' where!

Then came the word an' we
knew
Wilson was watchin' our line.
If we was feeble or stiff
None of us gave any sign.

We just bricked up like young
men.
Walked right along with new
vim.
Felt that our swing an' our
style
Must seem consol'n' to him.

He an' 'th' nation well know—
Though some wild talk has
been said—
It be not needed to call.
Others would march where we
led!

—Ella A. Fanning in New York Times.

Placing Him.
Head of Business—What position do you desire in our establishment, sir?
College Graduate—Oh, something like confidential adviser or general manager.
Head of Business—Good! You may have both jobs. I will make you an office boy.—Dallas News.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

A Famous Memorial Day Poem

By GEORGE H. BOKER

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe?
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor.
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? He cannot know.
Lay him low!

FROM A MEMORIAL DAY SERMON.

"As a leaf," in its unselfish, faithful and lasting work for the tree and the world, let each of us be. We are leaves on the great tree of free government that God has planted in this America of ours; leaves which are designed to be for the "healing of the nations of the earth."

Those who have gone before us have built up this tree till its mighty branches stretch far and wide, till its lofty form is visible in all climates, and the weary and the oppressed of all lands can come and here find rest and safety.

Let us all be like the leaves in our faithful and unselfish labors to build up this mighty and glorious tree. Let there be no antagonisms between classes, no animosities between sections, no bitterness between parties that shall mar and blunder us. But let each one in his place joyfully and heartily co-operate with all the rest in building up this great tree of our country until it shall be like unto that tree John saw in his apocalyptic vision that yields its fruit every month, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations and which grows in everlasting verdure "in the midst of the paradise of God." Then will our heroes not have died in vain.—Rev. Thomas T. Eaton, Louisville, Ky.

Patriotism of the Children.

On Memorial day nothing is more touching than the adornment of the graves of our fallen soldiers by the children. The day is most beneficial, for while it directs the thoughts of the child to our national heroes it stimulates his patriotic devotion, and dependent upon the child's love of country is the patriotism of the man.

The Flag on Memorial Day.

As the 30th of May is our memorial celebration day, it is generally considered more fitting that private flags should be hung at half mast. This is not, however, a universal custom. Many flags fly at full mast all day and do not violate any hard and fast tradition in being thus hung.

GATHERING OF DAISIES for MEMORIAL DAY



Eighty-eight and the Stuarts.
Eighty-eight was the fatal number of the Stuarts. James III. was killed in flight from Bannockburn 1498. Mary Stuart was beheaded 1588. James II. of England was dethroned in 1688. Charles Edward died in 1788. Some say that the first Stuart king, Robert II., died in 1288.—New York Sun.

HATS OFF TO THE FLAG!

OFF WITH YOUR HAT
AS THE FLAG GOES BY!
UNCOVER THE YOUNG
STER'S HEAD.
TEACH HIM TO HOLD
IT HOLY AND HIGH
FOR THE SAKE OF
ITS SACRED DEAD

"Heard From Massachusetts"

Deeds of Famous Sixth Regiment Brought Joy to Lincoln.

IN his book of reminiscences entitled "Memories of a Hundred Years" the late Edward Everett Hale told the following story of Lincoln and Sumner:

"Charles Sumner told me once that when Lincoln was making up his list of appointments he affected to be a little annoyed by the pressure which New England, and especially Massachusetts, brought to bear."

"To tell the truth, we had some men in Massachusetts of whom we need not be ashamed, and one of them, Charles Francis Adams, was appointed



FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE

to London and another, John Lothrop Motley, to Vienna, two of the principal foreign appointments given to so small a state. When the last of these principal appointments was made Lincoln said to Sumner, 'Now, Mr. Sumner, I hope you will give me a little time before I hear from Massachusetts again!'

"This was only a few days, however, before the 10th of April, 1861, when Sumner and Lincoln were together at the White House, and it was announced that the Sixth Massachusetts regiment had fought its way through Baltimore and was at the moment placed in garrison at the capitol. Sumner said to Lincoln, with some satisfaction, 'Mr. President, you are glad to hear from Massachusetts today.'"

WHEN MAY 30 COMES.

As oft as the 30th day of May returns with time's annual round let a grateful nation remember its dead and with floral offerings decorate the tombs of its fallen heroes while the dropping tear moistens the cold soil that covers their sleeping dust.

To them we owe the liberty we enjoy; to them we owe the preservation of our institutions. And shall we not hold them in grateful remembrance?

Let this beautiful custom be perpetuated until the day shall become hallowed in the history of freedom. It carries with it the idea of our loss and the dear cost of liberty. It brings fresh to mind the deeds of our country's martyrs.

It keeps alive and warm the greatest principles for which our sires poured out their blood, on which our republic is based.—General John A. Logan.

A Vagrant Thought.
"I was just thinking about the longevity record established by 'thuse'."

"What about it?"
"If he hadn't set such a high mark more men would go after it."—Mobile Courier-Journal.

NOTICE.

—

WE WILL NOT
Sell Any More
COKE

UNTIL
Further Notice.

—

Newport
Gas Light Co.

THAMES STREET.

34

He went to get a change of air
In Florida bewitching,
And found his pathway there
The spreading palm was everywhere
And every palm was itching!
—Lifo.

Europe's Battle Front Lessons

VII.—The Nation Should Have One Army

Plattsburg Military Camp Last Summer Did More For a Man Than the National Guard Does in Five Years.

Our Officers, Says Frederick Palmer, Are Among Best Trained in the World, but Are Kept Idle—Rifle Not Obsolete.

By FREDERICK PALMER, who has been only official representative of the entire American press to the allies. Copyright, 1915, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

IN Europe universal service each year brings its big draft of new recruits who must be trained. The authorities require that the plant be kept running at full capacity and the officers kept busy. But when a young American officer goes to a post he finds that out of those sixty-five men in the company of which he is a second lieutenant many are re-enlisted men who know their drill already. There is nothing to be gained in drilling them further. The officer's work becomes necessarily more or less perfunctory.

An American officer rarely has any chance to take that company out in maneuvers with thousands of other men and learn actual war conditions, which gives the European officer continual practice and keeps up his ambition. The American has to treat his soldiers very gingerly. He has to make life very comfortable for them. He must not work them hard. Why? Because they are hired. They are in the army more or less because existence is easy, without long hours or hard work. They get their \$17.50 a month and a good home. If he wants to put them out on a long march or digging trenches he finds he has made the army unpopular. Desertions will follow. Congressional complaints will pour in on the staff. What is the use? The directing force of the most efficient industrial plant in the United States would soon lose spirit under such conditions.

Our Officers Not Allowed to Grow Up. Our officers have the brains, the finest possible rudimentary training, but they are never allowed to grow up. Congress keeps them in leading strings. It pays them well and refuses to allow them to make an adequate return to their employer.

Why? Because for generations busy brains have been weaving webs of red tape, making more jobs for clerks. What is the object of the red tape? Mostly it is to prevent evolution. We go on the principle that an officer of the United States army can be prevented from the grafting only by keeping him under espionage. If he spends 5 cents he must account for it on different forms, which cost five times 5 cents. These are checked off by clerks whose labor costs ten times 5 cents. But the honesty of the United States army survives in spite of such distrust. It survives in the sense of honor or fought at West Point—the honor of the service.

European armies hold officers responsible for the efficiency of their commands and allow them some latitude of authority in time of peace as well as war. This is true no less in democratic France than in Germany, and no one considers France as a militarist nation. The test of an army, however large or small, is its readiness for war.

Our Army Must Be Standardized. If we keep an army of only 100,000 men we want the best possible results for the smallest expense. These we may not have with three different kinds of troops—regulars, national guard and volunteers. Some trained some half trained, some worse than untrained, they would be herded together in time of war to be called an army, but not an army in the French or German sense. No staff on earth is clever enough to organize the herd into a homogeneous force on short notice. Such a medley is a violation of the first principle of organization. The staff would be marked for public clamor, the soldiers for slaughter by modern military machinery.

In Europe they have learned by hard experience, as have the men in our industrial organizations, to stick to simple principles. In France and in Germany there is only one kind of troops—so many regiments of infantry and so many of cavalry and artillery in the standing army, trained to an even quality of efficiency. Thus a commander knows what to depend on; the staff knows how to organize the campaign.

Again, while Europe trains every able-bodied man two or three years and keeps on only one kind of soldiers in one army, we would start in with several kinds. In defense, where you must stand repeated shocks of concentrated surprise attacks of superior numbers against chosen points, this is overwhelmingly essential, and our military policy, like that of France, must be defensive.

To another point. There has been a good deal of loose talk to the effect that the rifle is becoming obsolete; the machine gun has taken its place. No one ever hears that on the actual front. In defense the machine gun is invaluable. Until it is put out of action by artillery it mows down an infantry charge. But if any one thinks that the day of the rifle is past let him expose himself a thousand yards in front of the enemy's trench—first making his will. In five minutes at least they will get him—the rifles of the sharpshooters will. At 500 yards they will get him in half a minute. It is the

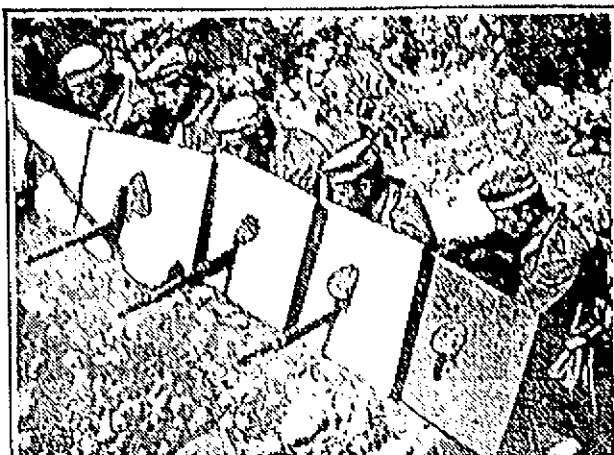
side bullets which are cracking all day long over the parapets of the trenches, which pick up any soldier who carelessly puts up his head. We must have machine guns, but that does not mean you can do without infantry. It is the infantryman who takes and holds a position. One man cannot charge a trench single handedly slugging a machine gun. He will immediately be killed by a sniper. Thousands must charge. Those who survive and reach the position must hold it.

Making a Good Infantryman. One result of this war has been a change of opinion as to the time it takes to make a good infantryman. Some of the German volunteers who had received no previous training were in action three months after they had enlisted. Perhaps they were not as good as the first line German troops at

excellent training of his officers and the use of vast quantities of service ammunition. He is trained by companies and battalions, not as an army. But if you succeed in making a regular army of 250,000 men and half of them re-enlist and a fourth re-enlist again, thus becoming professional soldiers for life, you have removed a large force of adult males from taking any part in civil occupations. This is undemocratic, un-American, bad sociology.

In Europe there are no professional soldiers except the officers and the noncommissioned officers. Every man after he has served his time returns to civil employment. If there be advantage in the discipline and physical training he receives its application is universal. Thus the army is the nation, its blood, its nerve, its character.

The German army is renewed every two years. Every year half of the privates return to their homes and half start in as raw recruits. Germany with her hard and fast military ideas requires only two years to make a soldier suitable to the ideals of Prussian adaptability, energetic, quick learning of military art. We think four years are necessary—we, who are the most adaptable, energetic, quick learning of all peoples. If this country is ever invaded it will be better to have a half million men in a composite force who have had a year's service than only 200,000 who have had anywhere from four to sixteen years' service or a million of a hybrid organization of four kinds of troops. For you must have numbers. The day of the short list



Photos by American Press Association.

IF YOU THINK RIFLE OBSOLETE EXPOSE YOURSELF BEFORE AN ENEMY'S TRENCH—GERMAN SHARPshooters—PLATTSBURG CAMP, WHERE MEN RECEIVED INTENSIVE TRAINING.

the outbreak of the war, but they certainly won enormous sums from the German commanders. In England the new army recruits made excellent soldiers in three months. They were so good in six that some officers spoke of them as overdrilled and "stale." It was the want of rifles and guns to support them which kept them back—contrary to general opinion in America. The new army men represented the intelligence and the application of civil life. They were used to working eight hours a day—and modern war is business and work, work, work—which is from two to three times that of our regular army soldier, who would not enlist if he had to work eight. They "put their backs into it" for they had come out to fight for patriotism.

If we compare them with our national guard, what do we find? That the national guardsmen, being Americans and therefore quicker and more adaptable, ought to learn faster. So they would. But in one year the national guard gets less drill than the new army got in ten days. The new army drill was continuous. It was carried out in the fields under something like war conditions, with the very latest teachings of the experience of the trenches at the call of the instructors.

Our national guard drills on armory floors. It gets almost no chance out in the open except in its summer camps. One national guardsman and an able soldier, too, told me he learned more in a month at Plattsburg last summer than he had learned in all his five years in the guard. Again, it is not the fault of the national guard; it is the fault of the system. We go around Robin Hood's barn to make a soldier.

No Professional Soldiers in Europe. When people talk of a regular army of 250,000 they will please answer the question, Where are we to get the men? We have to advertise and plead to get 100,000 and take some pretty poor physical types. A regular has to serve for four years, and if he is a man of character he is expected to keep his word to the nation. But it has become a custom not to—not because we are not patriotic, but because the situation has become accepted through the indifference of the public. He becomes an excellent automatic soldier, an excellent shot, thanks to the

the front is over. Should an enemy ever land in the United States with 400,000 or 500,000 men he will cover a battle front of anywhere from 100 to 200 miles. Any small band of regulars, however brave, must be surrounded and outflanked.

The Nation Should Have One Army. And why not have one army? Why not start it on the basis of what we already have—the regular army? If a Frenchman serves three years and a German two, why should we serve four? The reason the French serve three is not that a Frenchman is unable to learn how to be a soldier in less than three years, but because the smaller population of France requires longer service in order to have a first line of adequate size.

Suppose that, aside from the men who enlist in the regulars to get the pay, a little adventure and a comfortable life, we include men who enlist for patriotism, training and experience. Many a young man who has never thought of becoming a professional soldier would come in if he knew that at the end of a year or even six months he could receive his discharge with the recommendation of a board of officers as having filled the requirements. If you put 100,000 young men through the established regular school, an unexcelled school with its forms set, then you would have a real reserve. Those who like the soldier's life and wish to remain regulars would form the trained nucleus and become the material for noncommissioned officers—drill sergeants and corporals. They could go on re-enlisting if they chose. They might form our garrisons in Panama and in the Philippines.

A young man, having served his year, might be promoted for another year's service as a commissioned officer. Thus you would have started reserve forces of officers. Then, once the telegraph instrument began clicking in Washington in case of danger, both reserves and officers and men would respond, each knowing where he was to go as every French and German officer and man knew in August, 1914. A great army would form itself automatically—a single army under a single staff. At any rate, as the most businesslike people in the world, let us get down to business.

MASS. TECH. WILL CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE

And Dedication of Its New Home With Formal Ceremony and Splendid Festivities

Three-Sided Celebration. The semi-centennial celebration of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and dedication of its new educational plant is set for June 12, 13 and 14. It will be a group of ceremonies and merry-making that has been likened to a three-angled circle. The unexampled company of educators and alumni to do honor to the institute and to grace the formal ceremonies, the alumni who are rallying by thousands from the ends of the earth, and the students of whom there will be two thousand, will each have their program, and these will interpenetrate and at times all the companies will be to



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gether, as for example on Monday afternoon, June 13, when the citizens attended by the affair, there will be a hundred thousand or more to say farewell to "Rogers." "Rogers" is the Rogers building, the only last date that nearly half the graduates have ever known.

What the Alumni Will Be Doing. The alumni of Tech will have been assembling in Boston for three or four days before the celebration begins. The New Yorkers are coming a throng and strong by special steamer. Some where near Hell Gate the steamer will be stopped by a submarine and Neptune will step aboard and take command. The New Bedford contingent will reach Boston through the Cape Cod Canal, taking for their mascot a white cat, and it has been suggested that the Marblehead members will rally by aeroplane. The New Yorkers of the upper tier will have an automobile picnic, starting at Niagara Falls and making additions at Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Schenectady and the other cities on the way. This will be an imposing cavalcade a mile or more in length when it crosses the state line into Massachusetts, the greatest automobile show ever seen.

Monday forenoon, June 13, will be spent in registering, renewing old acquaintances and in the afternoon there will be the water fête in the Charles River Basin in front of the New Technology. There will here be brought together every conceivable model of water craft, and the show will be really a review of naval architecture. In the evening the alumni will be entertained at the City Club with the Golden Jubilee smoker, and late in the evening they will be escorted to Rogers Building by students with bands, and the whole company, alumni, alumnae, students, college delegates and populace will cheer the old building and say farewell to it with song.

Tuesday morning will be devoted to the famous "stunts" of the classes at Nantasket Beach. Here there will be accommodations for ten thousand and the memories of 1904 and 1910, when great festivals were held here, will be revived. In the evening everybody will repair to the Court of Honor of the New Technology to witness the marvelous masque and pageant.

Wednesday morning there will be the

meeting of the great federation of Technology clubs and at seven in the evening there will be the grand banquet in Symphony Hall and banquet at fifty other Technology centers in the country. When the addresses begin it is the intention to link all the clubs together by telephone, and when President MacArthur speaks, he will be addressing every M. I. T. man in the country. It is hoped to bring into the circuit Bell, Watson, Carby and Kilson and make of the occasion the most extraordinary event in the history of American science. This banquet will be the fitting finale to a week well filled with celebrations.

Masque and Pageant.

On Tuesday evening, June 13, there will be given the masque and pageant, the crowning attraction in the alumni celebration. The Court of Honor of the New Technology will furnish the scenery, a setting that is unique in the country within the limits of a great metropolis. Here ten thousand spectators can view at their ease the marvelous scene. Out through the court will be the waters of the great river park, the Charles River Basin, rimmed in the distance with the twinkling lights of Boston, and bearing on its bosom hundreds of floating lanterns or anchored yachts, with gaily colored illuminations and lanterns.

In the middle of the court will be a great flag fitted with electric curtains and all the lighting devices of the modern stage. In this arena there will be delineated step by step man's progress in conquering the forces of nature, indeed, the conquest of chaos by Technology. This huge thing will be filled with thousands of floating, ungrounded elements, a world, formless and void. The student body of Tech will furnish these elements. Prismatic man—some of the hunkiest of the students—will see the chaos and seek to subdue it, only to be thrown out again and again, drawing more intelligent and summing up Will and Reason to his aid man at last conquers.

Great giants of earth, air, fire, water, lightning and other forces will be hurled from their thrones and female figures representing the applied sciences will take their places. Then there will be the pageant, an epitome of the world's progress in knowledge.

This stirring masque originated in the fertile imagination of Professor Ralph A. Cram, senior professor of Architecture at Tech, and the setting forth as arranged will be the most striking presentation ever seen on the continent. There will be new forms of fireworks invented for the occasion, the lighting will be in Ryan, the expert who made such a success at San Francisco, the dancing of the masque will be led by Miss Virginia Tanner, whose skill needs no encomiums, the music will be written for the occasion and the singing societies of Boston will unite in chanting appropriate music.

Water Festival of Monday. For the water festival there will be assembled every variety of water craft that can be taken up into the basin. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt will be a guest and in his honor the U. S. Naval showing will be the maximum. The New Bedford mariners will put their whale here for safe-keeping, the New England yacht clubs will send their fleets. The motor boat organizations will be in force and the great aquaplan will be assembled. These will perform evolutions and there will be races for sculls, naval crews, canoes, yachts and motor boats. There will be exhibitions with hydroplanes and water sleds, and Duxbury, who is a Tech man, may have an aeroplane or two. Don Pont will bring his Tech III, and the fastest craft of the Atlantic waters will be in attendance. Some of the submarines will be in the basin and the torpedo boats if they can get through the locks. Prizes are to be given for the most gaily bedecked vessel and the great water park of Boston will have an air of life and gaiety that has hitherto been lacking.

Italian Ceremony for a Pattern.

Another of the ideas of Professor R. A. Cram is for a striking spectacle of a formal transfer of the archives of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from the Rogers Building on Boylston street, their home for 35 years, to the new buildings. A little procession including members of the Faculty and Corporation is to escort the memorials to the river (12), a short distance away, and here there is to be a barge of honor on which they will embark and be rowed to the farther shore where the New Technology has been erected.

This transfer is to be a picturesque and noble ceremony and a special boat has been built by Tech men who are famous yacht builders. It is on the lines of the Bucentaure, the famous

vessel in which the Doge of Venice went each year to wed the Adriatic, the most famous ceremony, perhaps in all history.

The barge of state of Technology will be resplendent in the colors of red, cardinal and silver, and profusely decorated with beautiful sculpture in figures, panels and decorations. The barge is 100 feet in length, 18 feet beam, and it will be propelled after the manner of state vessels of old, by oarsmen on a lower deck. For this work fifty M. I. T. students have volunteered. Technology, enlightening the world with the torch of science to the leading female figure, while the mascot of the institute, the beaver, the most skillful of animal engineers, will decorate the bow. The barge and its attendant vessels, manned by the students' societies, will make a striking spectacle as they cross the basin in early twilight.

The landing of the party will be ceremonious. Between the pylons of the new building will be a garden of many colors. The governor of Massachusetts, Samuel W. McCall, with his escort of senatorial laurers, will be the central feature, and the Mayor of Cambridge, Wendell L. Rockwood, and his train of officials and other dignitaries will be there to welcome the old M. I. T. The arrival of the barge will be the signal for the beginning of the masque.

Formal Celebration at Mass. Tech.

The companies of educators, some hundreds in number, who will visit Boston as delegates to the dedicatory exercises of the New Technology, will include one or more delegates from colleges in every section of the country and scientific societies. In most cases it will be the president who attends, but it is a busy season of the year with college graduations thickly scattered and in some cases the presidents have named heads of departments or distinguished alumni to take their places. The formal exercises of dedicating the splendid new structures to the cause of education is set for the afternoon of Wednesday, June 14, and the place will be the great Court of Honor of the White City-by-the-Charles. The morning will be devoted to inspection of the buildings, there will be a noon lunch for the visitors and at 2.30 the academics

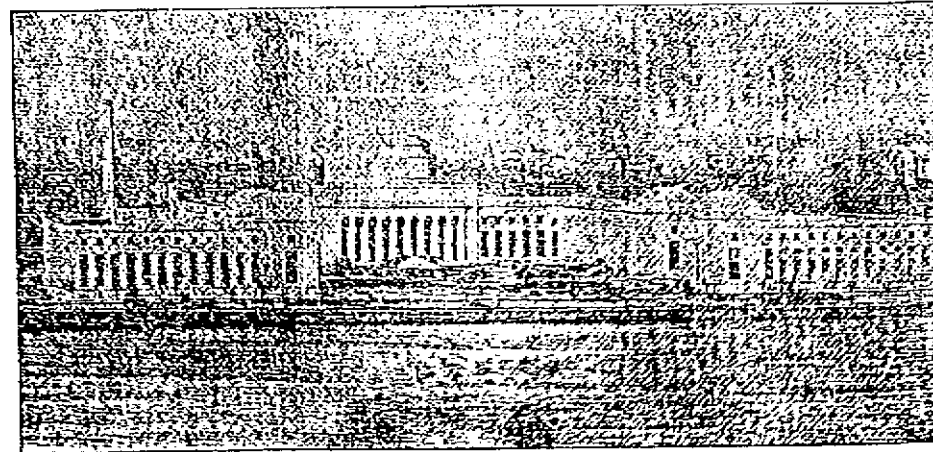


procession will form, Dr. William T. Sedgwick being chief marshal. The exercises will be simple: President MacArthur will welcome the visitors, Governor McCall and President A. Lawrence Lowell will make brief addresses, the formal set speech of the afternoon being by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, senior senator from Massachusetts. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will furnish music.

What the Women Will Be Doing. Massachusetts Tech has been from the first with open doors for women. It has never known any distinction of sex or race, and beginning with Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, whose name is proverbial wherever the education of women is discussed, there has been a long list of women having their degrees from Tech. And this degree means that they have done just the same work as their fellow students who are men.

The alumnae have raised their own entertainment fund and the visiting women, including the ladies who come with the delegates, will be catered for at a round of entertainments which merge into the festivities of students, alumni and institute on all the great occasions.

NEW BUILDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TECH.



The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was founded in Boston by William Barton Rogers, then state geologist of Virginia, with novel methods of instruction in view. Professor Rogers himself said that the new school was to "Teach young men by making them do things." The institute is celebrating its Golden Jubilee by dedicating a new group of

educational structures to which it is removing. The ceremonies are set for June 12, 13 and 14. The occasion calls to Boston several thousand alumni from every state in the Union, great groups of delegates from the colleges and societies of this country and Europe to assist at the formal dedication, while the two thousand students at Tech will remain to take

part in the masque and pageant. The company thus assembled will include thousands interested in education, a more distinguished group than has ever before gathered for any educational occasion.

The educational buildings, which are shown in the picture, consist of a dozen vast wings grouped about a central library and Administration Building.

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No Cretaries. A young bookkeeper attended a public recital in greater Boston and was questioned next day by a newspaper "Oh, yes; that 'Popular stuff of cretaries'—Oh, all cretaries, 'key cretaries'—Oh, yes, in cretaries, all made."

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No, Maude, dear, the substance I use is the only fellow who has it for his name—*Philadelphia*—*Benet*.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Know All About It. "When I was a boy I walked three miles to school every day, rain or shine." "Yes, dad; I know all about that. Grandfather was telling me the other day how he had to drive you every step of the way with a stick."—*London Telegraph*.

Played to a Loss. "Dear you had a fine wedding. How did things turn out?" "With a deficit. The presents we got won't begin to equal the cost of the feed."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

At a Crowded Reception. "My husband is such a blockhead." "How now?" "Couldn't locate a lady I wanted to find, although I told him plainly that her gown had sleeves of plum and velvet revers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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NO TROUBLE TO ESTIMATE

"Our Irreducible Detective-Story."

The public to-day urgently demands shorter and snifter stories, says Stephen Leacock, the well-known Canadian humorist, and the only thing to do is to check the demand at the source and check it. Mr. Leacock accordingly has written a number of "Shorter Still" stories, which he contributes to the June Century. Any one of them, he says, if left to rot overnight in a barrel of rain-water, will swell to the dimensions of a dollar-fifty novel. Here, for a sample, is "Our Irreducible Detective Story," brought by a hair: or, a Murder Mystery Minimized."

"The mystery had now reached its climax. First, the man had been undoubtedly murdered; secondly, it was absolutely certain that no conceivable person had done it. It was therefore time to call in the great detective. 'He gave one searching glance at the corpse. In a moment he whipped out a microscope. 'That's it!' he said as he picked a hair off the lapel of the dead man's coat. 'The mystery is now solved. 'He held up the hair. 'That's it!' he said. 'We have only to find the man who lost this hair, and the criminal is in our hands. 'The inexorable chain of logic was complete. 'The detective set himself to the search. 'For four days and nights he roamed, unobserved, through the streets of New York, scanning closely every face he passed, looking for a man who had lost a hair. 'On the fifth day he discovered a man disguised as a tourist, his head enveloped in a stormer cap that reached below his ears. The man was about to turn toward the Chiffonade. 'The detective followed him on board. 'Accout him!' he said, and then drawing himself to his full height, he brandished aloft the hair. 'This is his hair,' said the great detective. 'It proves his guilt. 'Remove his hat!' said the ship's captain, sternly. 'The man was entirely bald. 'That's it!' said the great detective with a moment of hesitation. 'He has committed not one murder, but about a million.'"

Another One on Taft.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon tells this tale on ex-President Taft, though he is always careful to assure his hearers that he will not vouch for the accuracy of it: "It was when the president was merely Mr. Secretary and was visiting Japan on his famous trip through the Far East. Mr. Taft was caught fast asleep in a hammock by a moving picture man, and this interesting film was being shown at a county fair in my home state, Illinois. 'The motion picture was being reeled to the great amusement of the rural spectators, when a huge flame suddenly darted across the film and the screen went dark. 'Land o' mercy, Hiram,' gasped an old lady in the rear of the hall. 'What was that?' 'Hush up, Mirandy,' croaked the husband. 'Don't ye wank w' many questions. I reckon that's where the ham-mock busted.'"

An Obedient Man.

The other morning one of the regular patrons boarded the car at the usual place, but instead of taking a seat he started to walk back and forth in the car. There were plenty of seats and the action of the regular patron attracted the attention of one of his business associates. 'What's the matter, Dan? Why don't you take a seat?' he was asked. 'Serving two masters!' came back the reply. 'You see, when I started out this morning my mother-in-law reminded me that it was such a fine morning that I should walk to the office. My wife, more considerate of my well-being, told me to ride. I am trying to obey them both so that when I get home this evening from the office I can truthfully say that I won't have to lie to either of them.' And the regular patron kept on walking back and forth. —Columbus Dispatch.

What Does A-r-m-y Spell?

Lieutenant F. R. Kenny, in charge of the Chicago recruiting stations, has written and had printed these rimes: A is for America—are you fit to attend her? R is for right and our republic over all. M is for military and men trained to defend her. Y is for you—will you answer her call?

After making his "pile" in Australia the gold miner thought he would return to England and seek out his only relative, a young niece. He hadn't seen her for 15 years, but he wrote to say that he would like her to welcome him at the station if they could arrange a means of recognizing each other. Just before he left Sydney he received a reply from the damsel, in the course of which she said: "It is lovely to think of meeting you again after all these years, dear uncle. As to recognizing you, I'm almost sure I shall. But to avoid any mistake, perhaps it would be best for you to hold a string of pearls in your left hand and a piece of fur—say an ermine-lined sable scarf—in your right." —Answers.

At a dance Percival Claude was presented to a beautiful young girl from an adjoining town and during the evening it was his great happiness to lead her out among the paper mache palms for ice cream and angel cake. "And so," said the girl, in response to Percival's story of his life, "you have never married?" "No," answered Percival, "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite." "That should not be hard," returned the pretty one with a faint smile. "There are bright intelligent girls in every part of the town." "You seem to be very comfortable here. Do you like the work of broom-making?" the female visitor to the prison asked a convict. "I've only one fault to find with my job here, lady," replied the convict. "And what is that, may I ask?" "It's altogether too confining." —Detroit Free Press.

The Mule or The Girl.

John Jones, farmer, went to his barn one morning and found there a brand new mule colt. He raised it until it was 3 years old when \$200 was offered for it instead of selling it, he rented it to the city of Indianapolis for 85 cents a day, including board, stall, shoeing and medical attendance. The mule worked 250 days the first year, earning \$212.50, or \$200 net after taxes, etc., were paid. Mr. Jones bought another mule with the \$200, which he also rented to the city, and at the end of the second year he invested this up 16 years, till his first mule colt was 18 years old, at which time he owned 32,767 mules, worth an average of \$100 each, or \$3,276,700. The 19th year they earned him a net income of \$3,553,400.

Alice Allen, daughter of John Allen, living across the way from John Jones, was born the same day the mule colt registered his first kick. Her father died at a cost of \$125 a year, and then sent her to business college for a year at the expense of \$100, making her total cost at 18 years \$225. When she was 18 she got a situation as stenographer and office girl with an Indianapolis business house at \$3 a week, paying for her own room, board, street car fare, shoes, doctor bills and as much clothing as what was left would permit.

All of which merely shows that some things are different from others. —Indianapolis News.

Not Afraid of Cold Steel.

In her younger days, Eugenie, when emperor of the French nation, was noted for her great courage, as the following incident proves. At a brilliant dinner party a somewhat tactless general told her majesty that women should not meddle in politics.

"You know, madam," he said, "that politics lead to war, and if the worst came to the worst, you would not have the nerve to face cold steel." "Wouldn't I?" cried the empress. "I'll show you!" And snatching a large knife from the table, she inflicted a deep stab on her arm.

After that the general never broached the subject of women's lack of nerve again.

Giving Her A Gentle Hint.

There was not even standing room in the crowded car, for it was at the rush hour, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time she fell forward she fell back and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened she said, quietly: "Excuse me, ladies, but hadn't you better stay home?" —Harpers Magazine.

Her Suspicious Aroused.

Ann Eliza, a dusky washerwoman in Mobile was being courted by a swain who approached her as she was at her wash tub. After a few preliminary greetings she turned to him with: "Is you all shore yo' loves mah?" "Co'se 'is shore was the indignant response.

There followed a moment of silence, during which the washerwoman attacked her wash with renewed vigor. Then, pausing an instant in her work she asked, suspiciously: "You-all ain't lost yo' job, has you?" —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Modest Genius.

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the age," says the great scientist, nonchalantly, "have been the result of accidents." "I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself." "May I ask what it was?" "Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you can use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it." —Providence-Journal.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

Their Wardenship in Wellington's Day Was A Great Honor. Do you know what the Duke of Wellington regarded as the crowning honor of his life? It was not his conquest of Napoleon and the gift of a castle worth more than \$1,000,000, which the British nation conferred on him in recognition of his services when his military genius had freed England of the deadly menace that could only be removed by the absolute crushing of the Little Corsican.

Instead, it was the position he occupied during a large part of the Napoleonic war period, not as field marshal, but as warden of the Cinque Ports. To be warden of the Cinque Ports was honor enough for any one man, but it was far from an empty honor, for it carried with it the most exacting responsibility. The name is a left over from the period when England and France were closely bound together, when a goodly section of the mainland across the channel was ruled by the king and when countless French terms were in daily use in England. The Cinque Ports were Dover, Hythe, Hastings, Sandwich and Romney. Even after Winchester and Rye had been added they continued to be called the "Five Ports."

To the warden over these coast defense towns was given the task of protecting England from invasion, and as a result their population was composed very largely of marines, on whose hands time hung heavily during protracted peace. The result was that they broke the monotony by many a lively fight with the French marines across the channel. One of these resulted so seriously that England was forced to give up her fortresses on the French coast. Wellington died at the official warden's residence, Walmer Castle, Kent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Our Fix Too.

"What does your husband do with his old clothes?" "Keeps right on wearing 'em." —Detroit Free Press.

JEMMY MADISON.

"Withered Little Applejohn," Irving Dubbed the President.

"What presidents we might have had, sir!" a Washington barber lamented soon after Jefferson went out of office. "Just look at Daggett of Connecticut or Jackson of New Jersey! What men they have got, sir! An life as your wife and powdered every day like real gentlemen, as they are. But this little Jim Madison, with a can no bigger than a pipstew, sir! It is enough to make a man forewear his country."

Short and stocky, with a cast in his eye and a voice as shrill as a public speaking, the new president did not make a good impression as he began his inaugural address. He was pale and "trembled excessively," and the swaying motion of his body and all the peculiarities of his poor delivery, including his air of having risen essentially and with no intention of making a speech and dealing above all things to escape, were as annoying as usual. But he gained poise as he proceeded, and Jefferson was convinced that his friend would develop equal assurance in dealing with the problems of his administration.

That night at Long's hotel in Georgetown, where guests thronged to the first inaugural ball in the country's history, the former president was in evidence again, joyous and smiling, a contrast to the dismal little figure in black standing beside Mrs. Madison, regal in her yellow velvet, pearls and turban. Some thought her the abler, as she was the better favored, of the two. "Am to Jimmy Madison," wrote Washington Irving, who had come with a host of others to seek office—"Ah, poor Jimmy! He is but a withered little Applejohn."

To an intimate this withered little man could talk delightfully, but in the presence of a crowd he retreated into a bored and almost repulsive silence. He had had the misfortune to be born with the water characteristics of an old man. Even in college he had been painfully correct and industrious, doing double work and shunning the slightest appearance of frivolity. His president made the damaging assertion that during his whole stay at Princeton Madison never did an indiscreet thing. It was fortunate that his lively wife was at hand to supplement his lack of magnetism.—Helen Naylor in Century.

CURIOUS WAY TO FISH.

Some Use A Coconut Leaf Chain Half A Mile Long.

A Bataan fishing bee is a unique sight to witness. Coconut leaves are gathered in abundance and secured, doubled and tripled, and to end, to form a long picky chain, round in appearance and about three feet in diameter. These fish chains are often woven to a length of half a mile. When the chain is complete all the men of that particular village turn out en masse with their "paopao," or Bataan canoes.

When the tide is high the chain is stretched across some convenient place, supported by natives in their pajamas or simply wading where the shallowness will permit. The coconut scales is then submerged and slowly forced shoreward, the prickly points driving the fish before them. When the point is reached where the chain can rest upon the bottom and still protrude slightly from the water the natives after securing the ends to the beach retire and wait for the tide to recede, leaving the fish high and dry.

It is often found that large fish are driven and caught in this manner, but since they are capable of jumping the barrier they are dispatched with spears at once. The catches of fish thus made are sometimes enormous and often number thousands. —Los Angeles SUNLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

It Plays the Dual Role of Life Saver and Death Dealer.

Although the sun may well be called the greatest friend to the general health of mankind, yet in the tropics its benefits are not unalloyed.

Many of the worst forms of tropical diseases are chargeable to the intense heat of the sun's too direct rays. Fevers require treatments involving artificial lowering of the temperature by such means as ice packs or evaporation from moist sheets, yet ice is unavailable to a degree in most tropical countries. The result is as expected. The fever patients quickly die in the torments of high temperatures which cannot be relieved.

Again the direct sun rays may be charged with the supply of normal human energy in the tropics. Sunstroke, anemia, physical and nervous debility, inability to take proper exercise and the resultant disorders—all may be charged to the account of our friend the sun when he outdoes himself in kindness.

On the other hand, the sunlight in the tropics is the best and practically only disinfectant of easy application in destroying disease bacteria, vermin and the like. Mosquitoes cannot breed in the tropical sunlight, but must seek the scanty shade to prolong their malarial activities. Tuberculosis bacteria will not live ten minutes when exposed to the tropical sun, whereas they will live for hours and days in the shade. The tropical sun quickly dries and turns to sterile dust all forms of moist filth and decaying animal matter. It tends to disinfect and heal the sores of most human diseases whose infection would spread in the shade.

The sun may also be credited with the salvation of the lives of most half savage natives of tropical countries, who practically never bathe and whose skins would be disease breeding grounds were it not for the disinfecting power of the intense heat.—New York American.

Son—Pa, why do they say marriage is a lottery?

Pa—Because, my boy, no one who took a chance was ever known to win. —Judge.

"Will the vaccination mark show, doctor?" "That depends entirely on you, madam!" —Puck.

FLICKER

(Colaptes auratus)



Length, thirteen inches. The yellow under surface of the wing, yellow tail shafts, and white rump are characteristic.

Range: Breeds in the eastern United States west to the plains and in the forested parts of Canada and Alaska; winters in most of the eastern United States.

Habits and economic status: The flicker inhabits the open country rather than the forest and delights in park-like regions where trees are numerous and scattered. It nests in any large cavity in a tree and readily appropriates an artificial box. It is possible, therefore, to insure the presence of this useful bird about the farm and to increase its numbers. It is the most terrestrial of our woodpeckers and procures much of its food from the ground. The largest item of animal food in ants, of which the flicker eats more than any other common bird. Ants were found in 624 of the 684 stomachs examined and 98 stomachs contained no other food. One stomach contained over 6,000 and two others hold over 3,000 each. While bugs are not largely eaten by the flicker, one stomach contained 17 chinch bugs. Wild fruits are next to ants in importance in the flicker's dietary. Of these sour gum and wild black cherry stand at the head. The food habits of this bird are such as to recommend it to complete protection.

WHITE-CROWNED SPARROW

(Zonotrichia leucophrys)



Length, seven inches. The only similar sparrow, the white-throat, has a yellow spot in front of eye.

Range: Breeds in Canada, the mountains of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, and thence to the Pacific coast; winters in the southern half of the United States and in northern Mexico.

Habits and economic status: This beautiful sparrow is much more numerous in the western than in the eastern states, where, indeed, it is rather rare. In the East it is shy and retiring, but it is much bolder and more conspicuous in the far West and there often frequents gardens and parks. Like most of its family it is a seed eater by preference, and insects comprise very little more than 7 per cent of its diet. Caterpillars are the largest food, with some beetles, a few ants and wasps, and some bugs, among which are black olive scales. The great bulk of food, however, consists of weed seeds, which amount to 74 per cent of the whole. In California this bird is accused of eating the buds and blossoms of fruit trees, but buds or blossoms were found in only 30 out of 518 stomachs, and probably it is only under exceptional circumstances that it does any damage in this way. Evidently neither the farmer nor the fruit grower has much to fear from the white-crowned sparrow. The little fruit it eats is mostly wild, and the grain eaten is waste or volunteer.

Ancient Baths of Caracalla.

The Romans appear to have been well off in the matter of bathing places in the first and second centuries. In the baths of Caracalla 1,600 bathers could be accommodated at one time. The inclosed area was 800 square yards, but it included a course for foot racing. The bathing establishment was 240 yards in length by 124 wide. The remains of the walls are eight and ten feet thick and in some places as much as fifty feet high.

Sand.

"What business are you in now?" "The sand business." "And how is it?" "Well, it's a tantalizing sort of business. Plenty of people need more sand and would doubtless like to purchase. If I could only supply that demand I'd get rich." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

HARDEN AND HIS CAR.

How the Great Express Business of This Country Originated.

The express business is a peculiarly American institution. It started in 1825, when William V. Harden, a Boston Yankee, published an advertisement in the New York and Boston newspapers announcing a new venture. Harden had been a railway conductor, but his health was not good, and he began studying his brains to develop some plan for making more money with less work. He hit upon the idea of carrying parcels between New York and Boston. As a railroad man he could slide free on the tracks between those cities.

The newspaper advertisement, which was the foundation of a business which made great fortunes for many people, ran as follows:

"William V. Harden has made arrangements with the Providence railroad and the New York and Boston to run a car through from Boston to New York, and vice versa, four times a week. He will accompany the car himself, take care of the small packages that may be entrusted to his care and see them safely delivered."

Harden gave his office address as 1 Wall street, New York, and 4 Court street, Boston.

Harden's "car" was "purely a flight of the imagination, but it was prophetic of what was to come when express cars were to be operated on all the railroads of North America. A. Miller was quite large enough to hold all the parcels entrusted to Harden's care on his early trip. Harden lost \$900 in his venture in the first six months.

Then, thanks to persistent newspaper advertising, the tide turned. Harden made himself useful to the New York and Boston newspapers by delivering to them the latest news, in advance of the mails. He was thus not only "the original expressman," but a news bureau in embryo.—New York World.

TAIL OF THE KING CRAB.

It's a Real Life Preserver When the Animal Turns Turtle.

The king crab uses his tail for a life preserver. Probably you can't imagine what a sea animal wants of a life preserver. If you watch this creature long enough, either along the beach or in an aquarium, you'll find out. He's got a shell on his back and a long, spiny tail that looks as if it could be used as a weapon of defense.

Sometimes the king crab gets turned over on his back. His feet are all curled up in the shell, so he can't touch anything with them, therefore when he's on his back he's helpless.

This is where the long tail comes in as a life preserver. The king crab sticks the point of his tail in the sand and lifts himself until he makes an arch with his body. Then he swings sideways, back and forth, until with one final effort he flips himself over right side up at last.

Along the Jersey coast they reckon the beginning of summer by the king crabs. About the time of the full moon in June, they say, the king crabs come up on the sand to lay their eggs. Men and boys go down on the beach with wagons and shovels and scoop up the crabs by the bushel. Then they feed them to the country.

It is interesting to know, too, that the Indians used to point their arrows with the sharp, spiny tail of the king crab. They used the shell for a ladle. The French have given a name to the crab—casserole fish—because the shell looks like a saucepan.—Philadelphia North American.

Rough on the Surgeon.

In the ancient life of Mesopotamia the surgeon failed to occupy the exalted position accorded him in the present age, and to discourage him from making rash operations severe penalties were fixed in case of unsuccessful ones. If the patient died the surgeon's hands were cut off. In the case of a slave he had to replace him with one of equal value. If the slave's eye was lost he had to pay half the value of the slave. If a veterinary surgeon were successful he received one-sixth of a shekel, but if the animal died he had to pay one-sixth of its value.

Preparation.

Donald's mother invited Mrs. Neighbor to dinner. During the course of the morning Donald went out to make an informal call on his own account on the prospective guest.

"Now, Donald," said Mrs. N., "tell your mother not to get a thing extra for me. She is not going to any trouble, is she?"

"Not much," replied Donald. "She shined the knives and forks." —Indianapolis News.

Rapid Heartbeats.

It is believed by scientists that the smaller the animal the more rapid is its heartbeats. Thirty pulsations a minute have been recorded in the elephant, 40 in the horse, 70 in man and 200 in the rabbit. The heart of a mouse beats 600 to 750 times a minute.

His Helping Hand.

The Magistrate—So you admit making these counterfeit? The Prisoner—Well, your honor, it struck me that there was a shortage of the genuine article.

Rubbing It In.

"The audacity of this laundress!" "How now?" "After reducing my garments to shreds she tries to charge me by the piece." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The truth is always the strongest argument.—Sophocles.

Kitty—The fortune teller said that the man I marry would be rich, handsome, intelligent and good. Widow Wise—So she told you you would have four husbands, did she? —Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1916.

NOTES.

HULL'S EXTRACTS from the Newport Mercury 1760-1776. Copy by Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.—Continued.

1777. April 3—Caleb Carpenter, Newport, and Giles Hosier, Tiverton, sly, clever reed.

Died, at S. Kingstown, March 27, Dr. Thomas Rodman (a Quaker) aged 92 yrs.

Died, last Monday, Newport, Mary Anthony, widow of Isaac, aged 88 yrs.

Died, Tuesday last, Oliver Reed Newport.

Died, Capt. Wm. Paul, Wednesday, aged 69 yrs.

Died, Mrs. Ruth Fish, Wednesday, aged 83 yrs.

Nathan Beeby, baker, next west of Brick Market.

Estate of John Reynolds Sen., North Kingstown. Elisha Reynolds, Exeter, Ex.

Insolvent, Samuel Dotey Hamilton; notice to creditors, benefit of Insolvent act.

1776. April 8—Estate of Dr. Charles Anthony Wigneron. Joseph Clarke and Hannah Wigneron, Exes. rs.

1776. April 10—Insolvent, John James, W. Greenwich. Henry Ward, Sec.

1776. April 17—Died, Stephen Tripp, Newport, aged 69 yrs.

Sam'l Goldthwait adv. George Thompson runaway from Snow Liverpool Packet; report to Mr. Edward Davis at Kingshead, Long wharf; \$8 reward.

Insolvent Elijah Fowler at Newport Jail. Notice to creditors.

Robert Ferguson, going to England, calls on his debtors, &c.

1776. April 24—Married, Capt. Daniel Gardner to Sally Hazard of Hon. George, Newport.

Died, last Saturday, at Portsmouth, John Almy Esq. age 48.

Died, Mr. Jonathan Bowers, Newport.

1776. May 1—Married, last evening, Moses Watson, Newport, to Christiana Weeden, Middletown.

Ship, Royal Oak; Captain Samuel Chace; for London.—Apply to Henry Bowers Jun, Newport.

List of fortunate numbers in Gideon Almy's Lottery.

Thomas Hudson, Honeysman's Wharf, adv. lumber.

1776. May 8—Died, last Monday, Lt. Conway of the marines on ship Rose, in the harbor.

Died, at Bristol, Rev. John Usher, Episcopal minister.

1776. May 15—Died, Capt. Henry Dimbar age 78, Newport.

Died, Mr. —Hammett of Newport.

Died, at Saratoga, Capt. John Negus, Tiverton.

At John Cook's stable, Tiverton, Stallion, Bold Briton, adv.—a fine bay.

Directors of Gideon Almy's Lottery: Eldr. Gray, Tiverton; Capt. John Cook, Tiverton; Isaac Cory, Tiverton; Joseph Wanton Jun., Newport.

John Anthony, at Mallone's Farm, adv. Stallion, Hero—bright bay.

John G. Wanton adv. flour and coffee.

(To be continued)

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, January, 1891. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.—continued.

The next house south from Mr. Cammell's was that of Robert Dennis Esq., which stood on a lot which had formerly been the garden of the Hon. Henry Marchant. Mr. Dennis was a baker and sometimes did quite a large business in fitting out whaling ships for three years voyages, with shipboard, which made quite a display, being packed in very large iron bound casks. Mr. Dennis was a prominent figure at Baptist prayer meetings, and a very diligent attendant on them, and taking an active part in their conduct. His only son, Rev. Wm. L. Dennis was a minister of some distinction in Philadelphia for a long time, and later became a successful lawyer in the same city. The Messrs. Dennis were both expert and enthusiastic sportsmen. Mr. Dennis' daughter, Miss Mary Dennis, was a conscientious and devoted teacher in our public schools. Mr. Dennis' house is now the residence of Dr. W. Pierce, Esq., and the office of publication of his paper, the Newport Enterprise.

The next house corner Cockington and Thames streets, was occupied by a Mrs. Hart, a widow lady, who taught a children's school, private schools being then the chief dependence for little children.

(To be continued)

Queries.

5577. HADWIN—Who was Elizabeth, wife of —Hadwin? Their children were born between 1738 and 1767. What were their names and when did they marry?—I. E.

5578. DUNBAR—What is the date of birth of Thankful Dunbar of Mercy and —Dunbar? Who were her parents? She was born in Newport.—G. R. I.

5579. FLAGG—What is the date of marriage of Ebenezer Flagg and Mary Ward? I would like also the birth dates of both and anything concerning their ancestry.—S. I.

5580. COLLINS—Can any give me the marriage date of Sarah Collins and Benjamin Brenton? They were married in Newport. I would also like to know anything concerning their ancestry.—K. E.

5581. CLARKE, CROSS—Can any give the date and place of marriage of Weeden Clarke and Thankful Cross, both probably of Richmond, R. I. Would also like the date and place of birth of Weeden Clarke.—A. F. M.

5582. DYER—Edward (4) Dyer, (Edward (3), Samuel (2), William (1), married Frecklove, her last name and ancestry desired; this was 1723, 21, Edward was a resident of North Kingstown, R. I.—H. L. C.

Can Republicans Regain the Senate?

The fight (this fall) will be not only for President and House of Representatives, but also for the Senate. This year the Senators are to be elected by popular vote and the odds are largely against the Republicans. To elect a Republican President, provided the right man is nominated will be a comparatively easy matter.

That will carry with it the election of a Republican House, for it is almost inconceivable that a President and a House of different political complexion should be chosen at the same election. But Republican control of the Senate is another matter, attended with unusual difficulties. There are now fifty-six Democratic Senators to forty Republicans, and the expirations are against the Republicans. There are fifteen Republican expirations and only seventeen Democratic. Expressed in percentages the Democrats have 59.33 per cent. to re-elect, while the Republicans have 37.5 per cent. The Republicans must make a net gain of nine Senators. Two of these may come from Indiana and one each from Maine, New York, New Jersey, Ohio and West Virginia. This will leave two more to be gained. Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, Montana, Missouri, Arizona and Tennessee are the only states it is possible to consider as senatorial battle grounds. It is fortunate for the Republicans that they do not have to overcome legislative gerrymanders, owing to the new method of electing by a popular statewide vote. The task would be insuperable if the legislatures controlled.

The Republicans are confident of electing successors to all Republicans who retire. They are also sure of recapturing seven seats from Democrats. But it will require a victory of landslide proportions to get the other two. This will necessitate the nomination of the most popular candidate. Justice Hughes, in the opinion of most observers, is the man. The Republican leaders recognize this and the theory that they are seeking to substitute some candidate of doubtful popularity is absurd. It is more likely that the leaders are trying to ascertain the sentiment in the doubtful states as to issues. The states with retiring Democratic senators will be very potent in the Chicago convention.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent
Mr. Charles A. Almy who was operated upon for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital recently, is doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Bradford Norman has presented a stand of colors to St. George's School, Cuckles.

At the annual meeting of the United Veterinary Corporation held recently the following officers were elected: President—William Coggeshall. Vice President—Albert S. Walker. Secretary—Miss Caroline D. Anthony. Treasurer—Herbert E. Chase. Trustee for 2 years—John R. Coggeshall. Trustee for 3 years—Arthur L. Borden.

Auditors—B. P. Sherman, John R. Coggeshall.

The Treasurer's report showed a balance of nearly \$2000 on hand.

It was voted that the use of the receiving vault be free to lot owners for a limited time, subject to the order of trustees.

Mrs. William G. Blaine of New York is visiting her niece, Miss Jean Barclay, at "Glen Farm."

Mrs. Henry F. Anthony and her son, Elliott, have gone by automobile to Hingham, N. H.

Mr. Henry Sherman, who recently accepted a position as engineer at the power station of the Bay State Street Railway Company, has moved with his family to the "Bee Hive" on Water street.

Mr. Michael Downey and family have gone to Chicago, where Mr. Downey has secured a position. He has been employed by the Bay State Street Railway Company, as foreman of the track section for a number of years.

Mrs. John F. Chase has gone to Bridgewater, Mass., to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Bennett.

Mrs. George Miles, who died last week at her home in Elkins Park, Pa., was for several years a resident of this town. Mr. Miles being in the employ of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt. She had many friends here.

Mr. Charles A. Peterson who has recently moved from his farm in this town to Newport is ill at his home having had a slight shock. Mr. Peterson was on his way to his farm, when he was taken sick and had to return to Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Locklin of Fall River are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William R. Clarke. Mrs. Locklin was formerly Miss Reba Gifford.

Mother's day was observed last Sunday at the Sunday School session of the Union Church. Recitations, readings and songs were given and each member of the school was presented with a carnation, a white one to those who had lost their mother and a pink to those whose mothers were living. There was a large attendance at the evening service when the pastor, Rev. Robert Downing, read the first act of the play, "The Voice in the Wilderness," followed by an interesting talk on the same subject. There are five acts, one of which he will read each Sunday evening. There was very singing.

Patient—O doctor, I have a terribly tired feeling all the time!

Physician—Let me see your tongue, madam.—Judge.

VUDOR
Porch Shades

The shade of style and superior goodness. It is the only porch shade made that really and truly keeps out the sun; it is the only porch shade that you can't see through from the outside; but strange enough it doesn't obstruct your vision from the inside, out, nor does it prevent the perfectly free circulation of air, but keeps the porch cool and shady and secluded.

It is the Shade You Need

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

Incorporated 1819.

Interest at 4 per ct. per Annum.

Wm. H. HAMMETT,
Pres.W. PAINE SHEFFIELD,
Vice Pres.

W. P. CARR, Secy.

TRUSTEES.

Wm. K. Coveil,
Wm. A. Sherman,
Anthony Stewart,
Bradford Norman.W. Paine Sheffield,
Peter King,
Wm. W. Coveil,
G. P. Taylor.Wm. H. Hammett,
Wm. P. Buffum,
Wm. P. Carr,
H. C. Stevens, Jr.

The Aetna Life Insurance Company

IS PAYING ANNUALLY OVER

FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

TO POLICY HOLDERS

DAVID J. WHITE, Manager,

1005 Turks Head Building,

Providence, R. I.

MACKENZIE & WINSLOW, Inc.

Successors to H. L. Marsh & Co.

Hay, Grain, Feed, Salt and Poultry Supplies.

ELEVATOR, MARSH STREET,

STORE, 162 BROADWAY

Telephone, Elevator, 208

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Intercommunicating Telephone Systems

Standard types of equipment for factory, office and institutional telephone systems, combining with exchange and intercommunicating service, varying in size from five to three hundred stations eliminating a duplication of instruments and receiving careful maintenance, have been installed by this Company throughout its territory. Estimates for such systems will be made and submitted without charge.

Providence
Telephone Co.

Contract Dept.

142 Spring Street

Newport 6011

Newport 6011

NEWS CONDENSED
FOR BUSY READERSHappenings in Various Parts of
New England States

The Vermont Dentists' association elected Dr. H. M. Smith of Lyndonville president.

Benjamin Pileat, who celebrated his 100th birthday two weeks ago, died suddenly at Canaan, Me.

The deluge of rain which fell in the southwestern part of Maine caused damage of \$160,000. It is estimated.

George Behwah, 32, of Hainesworth, N. H., committed suicide in his room at a Boston hotel by shooting.

Myron Moore, a former postmaster of Concord, N. H., committed suicide at his home there by inhaling gas.

Minnie E. Donnelly, a mill operative, committed suicide at Lawrence, Mass., by drowning. She had been in ill health.

Dependent because of poor health, it is believed, Mrs. Martha Mills, 58, drank poison at Pawtucket, R. I., and died.

Alfred Threlkeld, 2, died at Chelsea, Mass., the result of burns sustained when the mother left the house for a short time.

Boston's first great preparedness parade will be held on May 27. Chief Marshal Buck estimates the probable turnout at 60,000.

W. H. Cockran, former New York congressman, is to be the commencement day speaker at St. Johnsbury, Vt., academy, June 15.

Mrs. Eunice B. Buel, widow of Charles Buel, former governor of New Hampshire, died at Concord. She was born in 1814.

Eight men were injured, one seriously, when a smoking car on the New Haven road toppled over as the train was leaving Braintree, Mass.

The class of 1916 at Yale, of which Thomas H. Shelton, one of the university's greatest athletes, was a member, is to build a memorial to him.

J. Henry Harriman, 48, a widely known civil and consulting engineer, and inventor of a new type of automobile airship, died at Brookline, Mass.

Scarcity of taxes, caused by a British embargo, has resulted in the closing of the Agawam mill of the American Paper company at Millisneague, Mass.

Coming in contact with a live wire while at work on the top of a telegraph pole at Wamecet, near Lowell, Mass., Martin Delmore was electrocuted.

Wanted.

LADY FISHING TROUSERS wanted long slender, nicely. Send sample with price per bushel to SHORHAVEN FISHING TROUSERS, 231 Washington St., Newport, R. I.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of JESSIE O'CONNOR, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will be legally admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in a claim of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement of record.

Witness my hand and seal of office, this 25th day of May, 1916.

MICHAEL L. RYAN,
Probate Court of the City of Newport,
May 25th, 1916.

Estate of Julia D. Burke.
A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Julia D. Burke, a minor over the age of fourteen years, daughter of Edward J. Burke and of Rose (Dow), both of said Newport, informing the court that she has made choice of Jeremiah J. Mahoney, of said Newport, as guardian of her estate, and requesting the court to approve said choice and the same to be received and referred to the twenty-ninth day of May instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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